THE

NEW STAR.

A REPUBLICAN, MISCELLANEOUS, LITERARY PAPER.

BY RUSSEL & DAVIS, CONCORD, NEWH.

No. XXV.—SEPT. 26, 1797.

Miscellaneous NEWS.

JACOBINISM *Exemplified*

in a work lately printed at Paris, intitled,

The CRIMES

committed during the French Revolution.

AFTER giving a gloomy picture of the butcheries perpetrated by direction of the French convention the author proceeds: "Will posterity believe, that those proconsuls, those angels of death, whom senatorial Tartarus vomited on France, were sent to rob, violate, guillotine, drown, engorge, shoot, demolish—yet this was their mission, the destruction of the human race did not even satisfy their rage; when men were not to be found, they destroyed works of arts—the noblest monuments of human ingenuity. Towns disappeared under the stroke of the axe—flames effaced cities.—O posterity, you will withhold your belief of it! listen then, and tremble."

"The names of some of those proconsuls, you will find in the history we shall leave you; your astonished eyes will there see pieces, the authentic witnesses of facts which we shall only hint at here; some of those proconsuls killed with their own hands the prisoners who made any complaints; some covered with the dress of Representatives of the people, mounted the scaffolds to harangue the unfortunate victims about to die; some cruelly dragged out women to be spectators of the unjust massacre of their husbands; some threatened to punish health officers for having afforded medical assistance to unhappy prisoners."

"Others caused citizens to be dragged before tribunals or popular commissioners, and said to the judges "condemn them, or the scaffold awaits you." Three judges and one jurate, (or juryman) of the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris, of the first organization, were torn to pieces, for wishing to acquit some accused persons."

"Others stopped men and women in the streets, whose locks displeased them, caused them to be bro't before the tribunals, where men hired by them for the purpose as witnesses, appeared against them, the judges were forced to pass sentence."

"Another wrote to the authority of the department of the *Somme* where he was in mission, as well as to the committee of General Safety of the Convention: "I have spread my large NET to take all

my

my GUILLOTINE GAME—— I have finiſhed loading forty four Cart Loads."

"This proconſul iſſued mandates of arreſtation againſt young women and girls, and kept them in his apartment."

"Others placed themſelves at the windows in ſight of the ſcaffold, demoliſhed the buildings that might intercept the proſpect, and there calmly taſted the horrid pleaſure of ſeeing rivers of innocent blood ſpilt."

"A woman dared to aſk of one of thoſe monſters the liberation of her huſband.—To-morrow, anſwered he, you will ſee his head one ſide of the guillotine, and his body on the other. He was as good as his word."

"Another obliged a young and beautiful woman, who ſolicited the liberty of her huſband, to grant him ſome favours. The great affection ſhe had for her huſband, determined her to the ſacrifice of her honor—ſhe inſtantly flew to the priſon to acquaint him that he was no more a priſoner, telling him in confidence of the ſacrifice ſhe had made to obtain his liberty. Some days after, this Proconſul guillotined the huſband, and even the wife."

"Another ſaw a girl in tears, imploring at his feet, the ſuſpenſion of the judgment of her father; tears and prayers are of no avail; the Proconſul kicks her from him, and tears her petition. Diſtracted by grief ſome expreſſions eſcape; he had her arreſted and dragged before the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris. She was ſeven months pregnant, when guillotined."

"Another, at the iſſue of an orgie, wiſhed to ſee a ſhow; the judges were at the feaſt; four prieſts and four nuns were drawn out of the dungeons, they appeared, were condemned and periſhed, after which the gueſts put themſelves at table again."

"Another parodying the ſaying of Titus, ſaid "Liberty has loſt a day, no one has been guillotined."

"Another arreſted, brought up and guillotined an old man of 80 years, father of twelve children, under a pretext of his having monopolized the offices of Mayor and of Judge of the Peace. The true motive was an old perſonal reſentment."

"There is not wheat enough in France for all the population, ſaid another; it is neceſſary to ſacrifice half to nouriſh the remainder. Above all we ought to ſacrifice the women, they breed too faſt."

"Another burnt whole Communes, and guillotined the inhabitants."

"Theſe eſcorted by cannon, raiſed contributions to pay the debauches they were guilty of with the pretorian guards, and granted only two hours to furniſh the ſum demanded."

"Theſe took to themſelves the moſt beautiful palaces in the cities where they ſtaid affecting the pomp and eaſe of Kings; and while the people overrun the court yards of their palaces to wait their preſence and bread, they indolently recline on ſophas in the interior of their ſeraglios, glowingly occupying themſelves with the important buſineſs of getting their likeneſſes taken. The fact took place at Bourdeaux." Inſtances

Inſtances of more ſhocking cruelties abound in this work of 6vols. octavo, which ſome other mode beſides a newſpaper, will convey a hiſtory of to the world. The men who have been principal actors in the bloody ſcenes above deſcribed, are many of them ſtill in power, and will continue to exerciſe authority over the French people, until the avenging arm of national juſtice ſhall cruſh them. As Barras who was Preſident of the ſ-lf-created blood ſtained Directory, when his *new* Monroe preſented his letters of recal, has become known by name to the citizens of the United States from his inſulting language to the people of this country in anſwer to citizen Monroe's addreſs, I thought proper to give ſome account of ſaid Barras from the foregoing work.

"Our colleagues Freron, Barras, Salicetti, Gaſparin, Robeſpierre the younger, and General Marquis Delapeye, brother in law of Freron, have charged themſelves to attend to the ſhooting of 800 inhabitants of Toulon, to guillotine all the federaliſts of Marſeilles, as well as to demoliſh the moſt elegant monuments of art in this city, and to deluge with blood all the ſouth of France."

LONDON, JULY 22.

Deeply verſed as the French indiſputably are in that firſt of Revolutionary Arts, the deſtruction of every impulſe of feeling and humanity, they have never been able ſo far to revolutionize the brute creation as to reduce them, in this reſpect, to a par with themſelves. It is a fact not leſs curious than certain, that, at one of the allegoric *feſtivals* given by Robeſpierre, the oxen that drew the Car of Liberty ſtopped ſhort at the entrance of the Place de la Revolution, diſguſted with the ſmell of the blood with which the ground was overflown. Every effort of the driver to make them advance, proved fruitleſs. The populace, deeply ſtricken with the circumſtance, retired alſo, and abandoned the FESTIVAL!!

BALTIMORE, SEPT. 1.

For theſe two evenings paſt, the Comet, which was ſeen to the eaſtward, has been obſerved here on his way to the ſun. His direction laſt evening, appeared to the eye, about E. S. E. Through a common glaſs he appears of a conſiderable magnitude, and to travel with great velocity. We hope that the learned and curious in aſtronomical reſearches, will not ſuffer the opportunity of being ſtill better acquainted with this phenomenon of nature, to eſcape them unimproved.

PHILAD. SEPT. 6.

General KOSCIUSKO, we hear, has left the city on a viſit to General WHITE, of *New Brunſwick*. Before he left town, we underſtand, a gentleman preſented him with a land warrant, to which he was entitled by his ſervices, and intimated that there was a ſum of money due to him, for his ſervices in the cauſe of this country. We underſtand that the General ſignified, that whilſt fortune ſmiled upon him at home, he had no intention of receiving any pecuniary

reward

reward from the United States, but that, in his present circumstances, he should not decline the acceptance of what appeared to be his due. We believe that, with principal and interest, his pay will not amount to less than 18 or 20,000 dollars, as the General entered into the service as a Colonel of Engineers, in Oct. 1776, and remained until the end of the war — The land warrant, we are told, the General presented to a Welch farmer, of the name of Thomas, who was a passenger in the same ship, and of whom he had conceived a high opinion.

An Affecting Narrative
of a PRISONER for DEBT.

[*From a late English Publication.*]

WE talk, and with truth, of our liberties; and boast with much satisfaction, the security we enjoy in this favored kingdom, from the equal and happy administration of justice. Doubtless, we have great reason to boast, since perhaps no kingdom under the sun can vie with us in this great and invaluable privilege. — But the greater and more valuable it is, the more tender of consequence, we should be of it, the more nice to observe the least breach, and the more cautious to guard against the smallest infringement.

I am led into these reflections by an incident which happened, and of which I was a witness, the other day. The person whom I found to be the prisoner for debt was in the hands of the bailiffs. He seemed overwhelmed with grief, and the tear stole from his eye.— This moved my compassion; but I was almost ready to condemn myself for such unreasonable pity, as I had little doubt from his situation, that he was a notorious thief or murderer, whom justice no longer would suffer to escape and live. But he soon undeceived me, and related the following circumstances:

"Sir (said the poor man,) you indeed behold a prisoner, and a very miserable one: but you look like a gentleman, and I am sure will pity me. I am poor it is true, born to earn my scanty bread by the sweat of my brow; and I have the satisfaction to say, I have never been wanting in industry.— I married early, and my wife, a faithful and good woman, hath every year bro't me a child. We have now six alive, and my eldest is not above eight years old.

"Last winter, as my business lay in London, I took a wretched lodging, the cheapest I could procure, for my miserable family—only one room, God knows, for the reception of us all; and this is so ill situated, that I declare, the rats were continually our companions, my daily toil scarcely sufficed to find us bread, and keep us from starving, and I was unable to pay the eighteen pence per week, which was the rent of my lodging. I continued there twenty four weeks, and my landlord at last drove me out, and hath since continually pursued me for the rent; till at length resolved to stay no longer, he hath taken this cruel step,

ſtep, and ſent theſe Gentlemen (meaning the baliffs) to ſeize me. Here I am in their power and all the miſeries of a goal before me.

"Let my cruel proſecutor do his worſt: deſpair makes us indifferent to all that may follow.—I cannot pay him; would to God I was able! But a goal will not make me a whit more able; and there it ſeems I am to lie; there he threatens to confine me, till I rot, as he is pleaſed to ſay. And let him confine me there; I am undone! Let cruelty now do its utmoſt. All my ſummer's work, by this mean, is taken from me; and the good proſpect I had before, is turned into horror! My poor little babes, and my diſtreſſed wife, is reduced to the utmoſt miſery and want! They have no money to purchaſe them a morſel of bread; their tongues cleave to the roofs of their mouths with hunger; and they have no friends, for they are in a populous place where nobody knows them, and where, among the multitude, the wants of individuals are overlooked—And I am torn from them. O cruel, cruel fate! O my poor babes! my famiſhed innocents! Alas, alas!—"

Here the poor wretch burſt into a flood of tears; and the inhuman monſters of baliffs ridiculed his ſufferings, and expoſed the ſorrow of the man, the huſband and the father.

To ſay my heart was affected with deepeſt concern, and what ſteps I took in this affair, would ſavour perhaps of a vanity from which all good works ſhould be free. And as caſes of this kind frequently happen in this benevolent age, let us hope they will meet with attention and pity.

"Of old, the debtor that inſolvent died,
"Egypt the right of ſepulture deny'd;
"A different trade enlighten'd chriſtians drive,
"And charitably bury him alive!"

FROM THE *FARMER'S WEEKLY MUSEUM.*

Common Senſe, in Diſhabille.

No. XII.

THE *PENKNIFE.*

OF all the grievances of us poor authors, the freedom uſed with our penknives is not among the ſmalleſt. The knife with which I have juſt nibbed my pen, conſtitutes at leaſt a hundredth part of my perſonal property, except the ſcanty furniture I carry in my head. Looking over the memorandum of my expenſes, I find it to be the eleventh, my familiar friends, and my own careleſſneſs, have obliged me to purchaſe, ſince the firſt of laſt January. I gave my ſolitary half dollar for it but laſt week; and have already imbibed a fond attachment of it, for the good ſervices it

has

has done me, which has been increased from the consideration that it has been instrumental in making several pens, that have been employed, not as blazing meteors, but as gentle monitors to my worthy friends, Mr. Carlisle's customers. I always thought it argued too distrustful a disposition of my fellow creatures to secrete my knife in my pocket when ever I had used it; but like other unsuspicious, good natured people, who entertain too favourable an opinion of mankind, I have often been obliged to exchange many shillings of cash and no inconsiderable part of my benevolence, for what I call dear bought experience. I am again the dupe of my charity. One of those persons, for whom this essay is particularly written, has this minute, with a kind of freedom, which foreigners say is peculiar to us yankees, taken my knife from the table, and is now paring his nails with it. You ask why I do not request him to desist. I cannot explain my reasons; but I feel them—perhaps a false delicacy. He is now whittling a chair post as hard as lignum vitæ—my knife is ruined. If Addison, Franklin, or the Lay Preacher had written an essay on this subject, probably I should have had no reason to apologize to my readers, for a weak extemporaneous attempt to correct this clownish breach of good manners; and many additional hours of good humour, and thousands of penknives, had been secured to their owners. If the Editor of the Farmer's Museum indulges me so far as to publish this number, whenever I write, I will lay his paper on the table by my knife, and if any person, with this kind of yankee freedom, takes it up and uses it more roughly than I do myself, I'll hand him the paper, point to the title of my number and tell him, that is the most proper penknife for him.—Nothing would be more flattering than to see others adopt the same method.—But my knife is returned, all except the edge—I forgive the offender, and conclude he was not educated at college:

lege: if he was, he has not profited, by what I am informed is a material part of the exercises of those who are pursuing what is called a liberal education—I mean that of pocketing other people's penknives.

Of LA *FAYETTE,*

The following article appears under the head of Frankfort, (Ger.) July 2—it shews that the hard lot of that venerable man is somewhat softened, if he is not at liberty—'The new commandant of the fortress of Olmutz has published the following details of the prisoners confided to his care:—M. de la Fayette lodges with his family in a redoubt of the fortress, and the apartments he occupies look into a vast country. These apartments, three in number, have the lower floors raised above the fortifications; and are very properly furnished. The windows are 13 feet high; and the air is very salubrious. M. la Fayette receives for himself and family every thing he desires at his meals. At dinner he has five covers, besides his dessert—for supper he has two—& Hungarian wine at all times.—Whatever of clothes, linen, &c. he desires, are furnished him immediately. He is waited on by his own servants, who occupy separate chambers—They all enjoy perfect health; and have their physicians to attend them. They are allowed books, and permitted to correspond with their friends.'

We remind our readers, that a Paris paper of July 15th, states the restoration to liberty of Fayette, Mobourg and Puzy—this is the latest account of them. We may expect soon to hear it confirmed, if true.

The Frigate Constellation, built for the United States, by Major Benjamin Stodder, of Baltimore, in Maryland, was launched from his navy-yard on the 7th of Sept. '97, at 9 o'clock in th morning—the spectators were numerous—no accident happened—Major Stodder has gained himself much honor in the able execution of this work.

On President Adams' Speech to Congress, many remarks have been made in the French and English papers; and in none but one of the *latter* have we seen it condemned. The London Courier echoes some of the calumny imported from the *wholesale* stores of the jacobinical faction in the United States. In a Paris paper, it is spoken of as "manly, erudite, and patriotic."

Philadelphia Burials.

Sept. 8, fifteen—Sept. 9 and 10, SIXTY EIGHT. ☞ From the last report of the mortality, we are very unhappy in observing the increased malignancy of the Philadelphia fever. And when we consider, that from the last accounts near 20000 of its inhabitants have fled into the country, we cannot but feelingly lament the calamity, and condole with the inhabitants of that apparently devoted city.

THE

THE *RIVULET.*

For the NEW STAR.

Messrs. EDITORS,

The following Lines were written a few days previous to leaving a Female Friend, whom the author highly esteemed—If your *Rivulet* is not filled, please to give them a place.

DAMON.

AH! DELIA, *let the hour draws near,*
When I must part with thee;
"Ah! who can tell if thou my dear,
"Wilt e'er remember me."

When forc'd from you, my friend, to part,
"Affliction prompts the sigh;"
These parting moments rend my heart,
The more as they draw nigh.

"Each fond endearment bids me stay,"
Wou'd Heaven but grant it me,
My future hours shou'd glide away,
In happiness with thee.

"But duty chides each short delay,"
And says it must not be;
God has decreed, I must obey,
Therefore must part with thee.

How can I say, my friend, farewell,
And bid adieu to thee?
What pains I feel, no tongue can tell,
My dear, remember me.

Since 'tis decreed that we must part,
To grieve is all in vain;
A pleasing hope relieves my heart,
We part to meet again.

YES—A PASTORAL SONG.

YOUNG *Colin presented me with a fine rose,*
The prettiest flower of any that grows;
He begg'd me t' accept it, you may easily guess,
I answered him no, when I meant to say Yes.

We sat ourselves down by a shady grin tree,
And many fine things he did say unto me;
He fervently ask'd if I'd grant him a kiss,
I answer'd him no, but long'd to say Yes.

He ask'd in plain terms if I'd be his bride,
He swore there was nothing he wanted beside;
My joy at this question no tongue can express,
I meant to say no, but mistook and said Yes.

Then straight to the church we directed our course,
To marry each other for better for worse,
Then married we were, and you'll easily guess,
I no more said no when I wish'd to say Yes.

There's many fine ladies who mimic & pine,
Who're flatter'd with speeches that's pleasing and fin;
'Tis thro' delicate fear that they never confess,
That they often say no when they wish to say Yes.